

'Tokyo Joe'

BY
ED DOUGHTY



A COLLECTION OF CARTOONS
FROM THE
PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES



TOKYO JOE

**A Collection of Cartoons from
the Pacific Stars and Stripes**

By Sergeant Ed Doughty

Stars and Stripes Art Director

FOREWORD AND COMMENTS

By Sergeant Roy W. Trefftz

Stars and Stripes Managing Editor

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FOREWORD

This is a book by, for and of soldiers of the Army of Occupation in Japan. The purpose of publishing it is to collect in convenient form the highlights of Occupation from its beginning through the first year.

Sgt. Ed Doughty, Art Director of Pacific Stars and Stripes, and this writer have worked in off-duty hours to prepare this book for publication in order to satisfy the written requests of hundreds of soldiers who desired a collection of Tokyo Joe cartoons as mementos of Occupation in Japan.

With Doughty's characters doing the cavorting on the following pages, every Pacific theater soldier, from the lowest private to the highest general will, we hope, find many pleasant moments and perhaps a few laughs in the antics of the Tokyo Joes.

Little effort has been made to arrange Doughty's cartoons in chronological order, or to record the historical significance—if any—behind each cartoon. Most of them need little explanation to anyone who has served in Japan.

So, without further fanfare, let's get on to the cartoons—with the same characters that appeared in Pacific Stars and Stripes during Doughty's tenure of office from the Fall of 1945 to the Fall of 1946.



Sgt. Ed Doughty

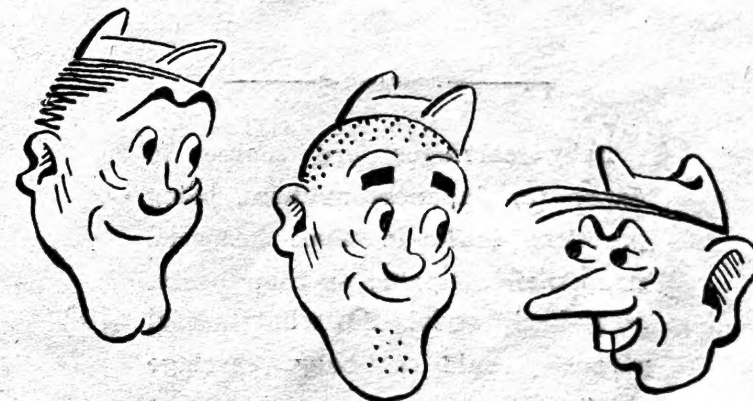
Art Director

Pacific Stars and Stripes

Caricature of the Author by

Kiyoshi Saito

INTRODUCTION



JOE

Joe

joe

What many Stars and Stripes readers were never cognizant of is that each of the three cartoon characters in Tokyo Joe are actually named Joe. There's big "JOE" and just "Joe" and little "joe."

The latter is the rookie of the trio, having made his debut in the panel in January, 1946, apparently fresh from some IRTC outfit in the United States.

He is, however, the most stupid of the three stupids and in recent months he has begun to crowd the other characters to the background.

Baby carriages are scarce in Japan for Japanese mothers, being practical souls in some respects, strap their offspring on their backs, piggy-back style. So what useful purpose could a baby carriage possibly have to mama-san except to carry home the bacon—if the Japanese eat bacon—or to carry the ever-present umbrella?



DOUGHTY

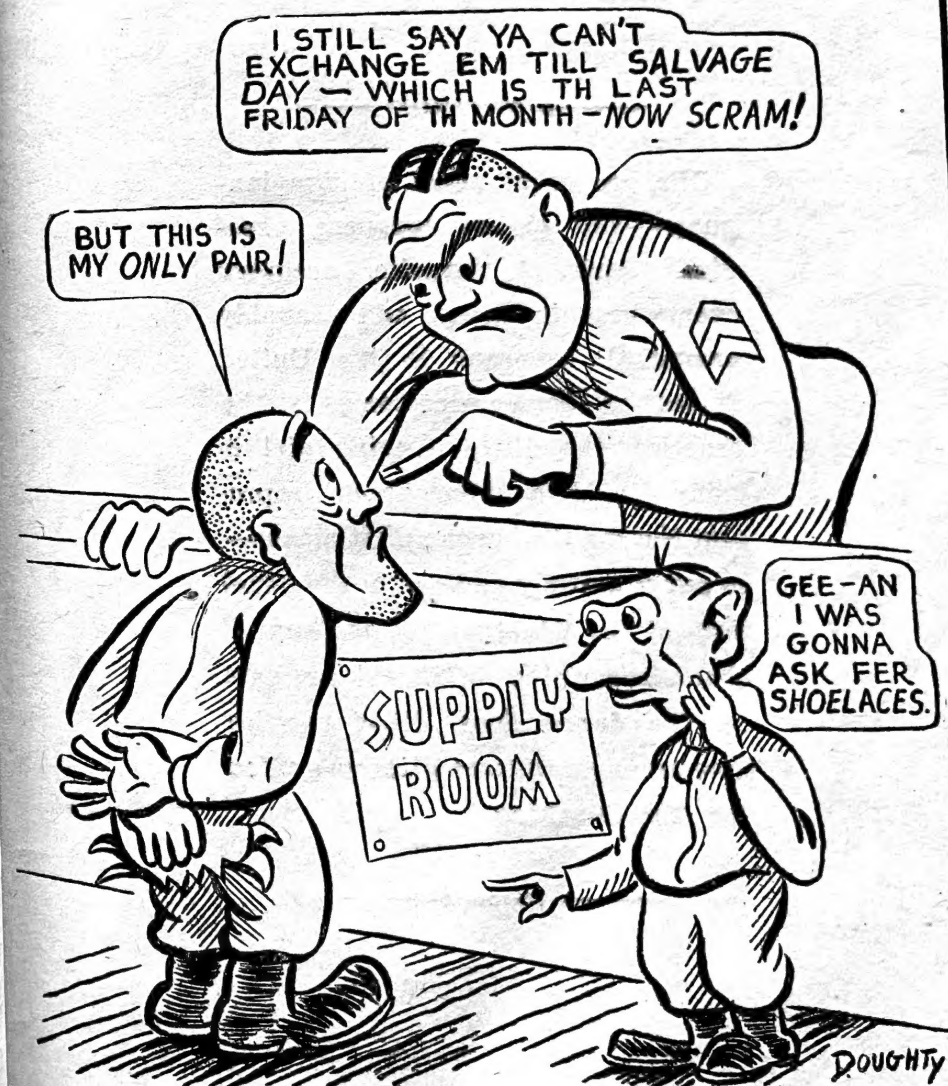
The language barrier! What soldier hasn't asked the way to the railroad station only to be told in crude pidgin English the way to some geisha house. Or vice versa. The phrase book variety—often finds that after a laborious session in his best poor Japanese will result in the Japanese being queried giving an answer in perfect English.



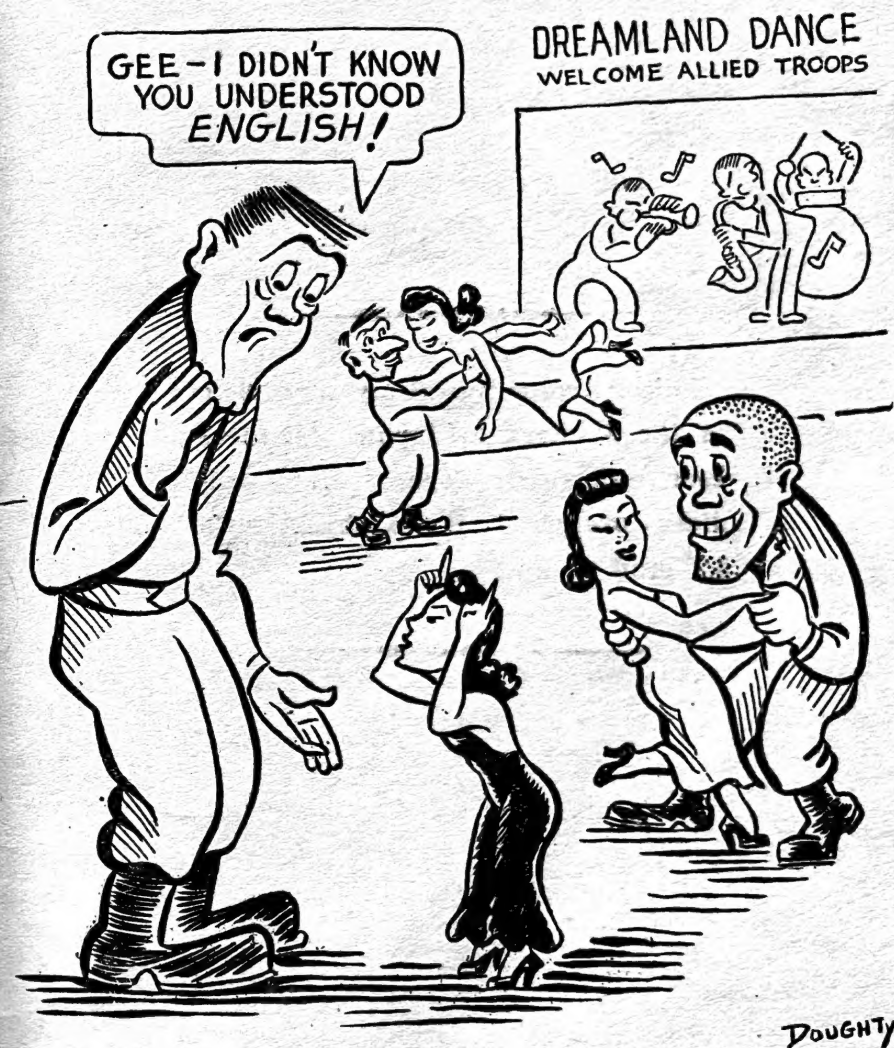
The Joes, like every GI, had trouble with Japanese food. They couldn't master the raw fish, the rice, the octopus or squid, but they tried. One must rule of etiquette: make plenty of slurping noises while eating or drinking for it is in this manner that the host or hostess knows you are enjoying the meal.



Supply sergeants don't change much, not even during Occupation. Salvage Day always changes suddenly; statements of charges remain always with the soldier. What GI hasn't been promoted and informed he must wear his stripes only to find the supply sergeant hasn't any in stock?



GI's are great users of sign language—and so are Japanese, especially girls. A favorite, accepted everywhere in Japan and probably among GI veterans in the United States on some occasions, is the practice the little dancing girl is using on JOE. Her hands represent the Devil's horns and it means—to put it politely and not in the usual term of the GI—that she is “angry” about something JOE did or said on the dance floor. Most popular tune among Japanese girls was “You Are My Sunshine.”



Poison liquor was always a problem to the soldiers in Japan. Japanese beer was fairly decent. Many soldiers preferred it to the Army's 3.2 stuff.



Butt of many a joke were the rickshas. Occupation forces put new life into the business for everyone seemed to want to ride in the contraptions. Especially the Navy lads seemed to prefer the rickshas when touring Tokyo, and it wasn't any uncommon sight to see GI's pulling the ricksha.



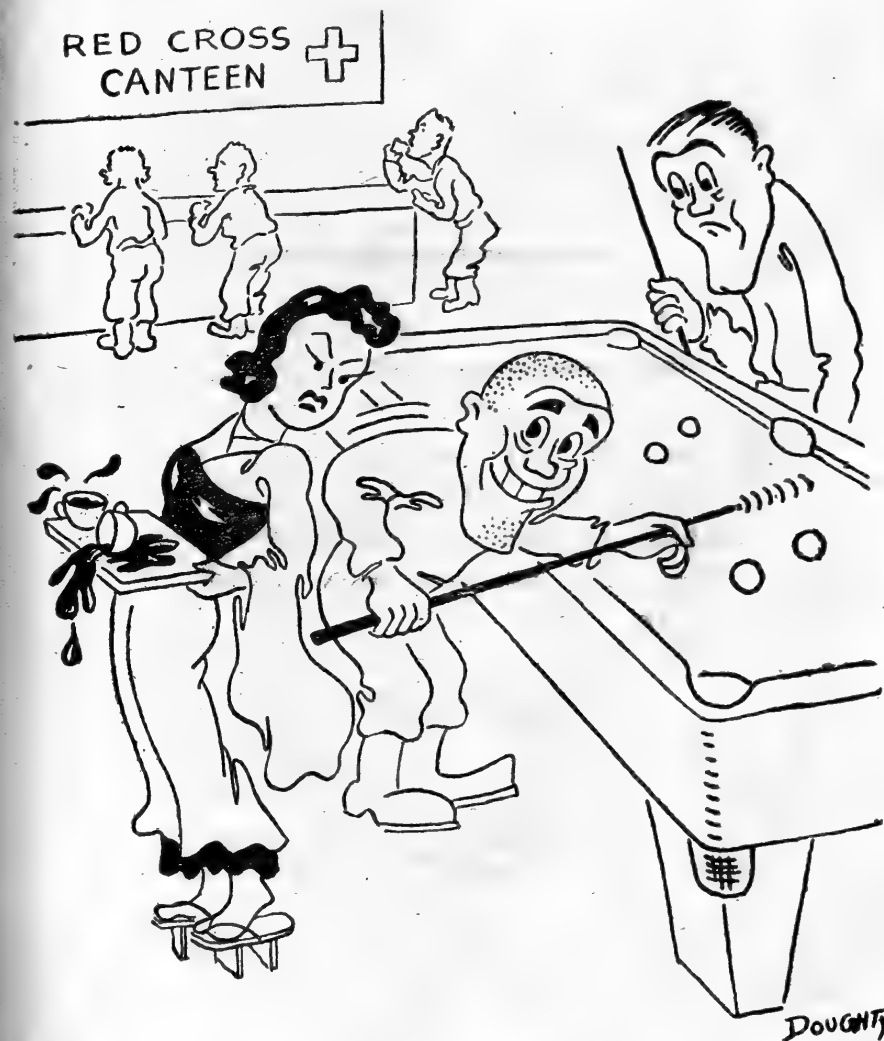
In late January, 1946, soldier morale hit an all-time low because of discontinuation of air mail service through lack of maintenance personnel for planes. Even Joe was trying to solve the mail problem. We never did hear how his plan to have his buddy fly the Pacific with mail turned out, but the problem was finally solved and his efforts were appreciated by most GI's.



DOUGHTY

"Sir, I think we have a solution to the air mail problem."

Japanese girls in the Red Cross canteens and clubs wised up to the rowdy ways of American soldiers quickest of all. They took a lot of ribbing but soon caught the spirit of the Occupation and were able to give a snappy comeback for most any occasion.



"Call your shots, Jackson!"

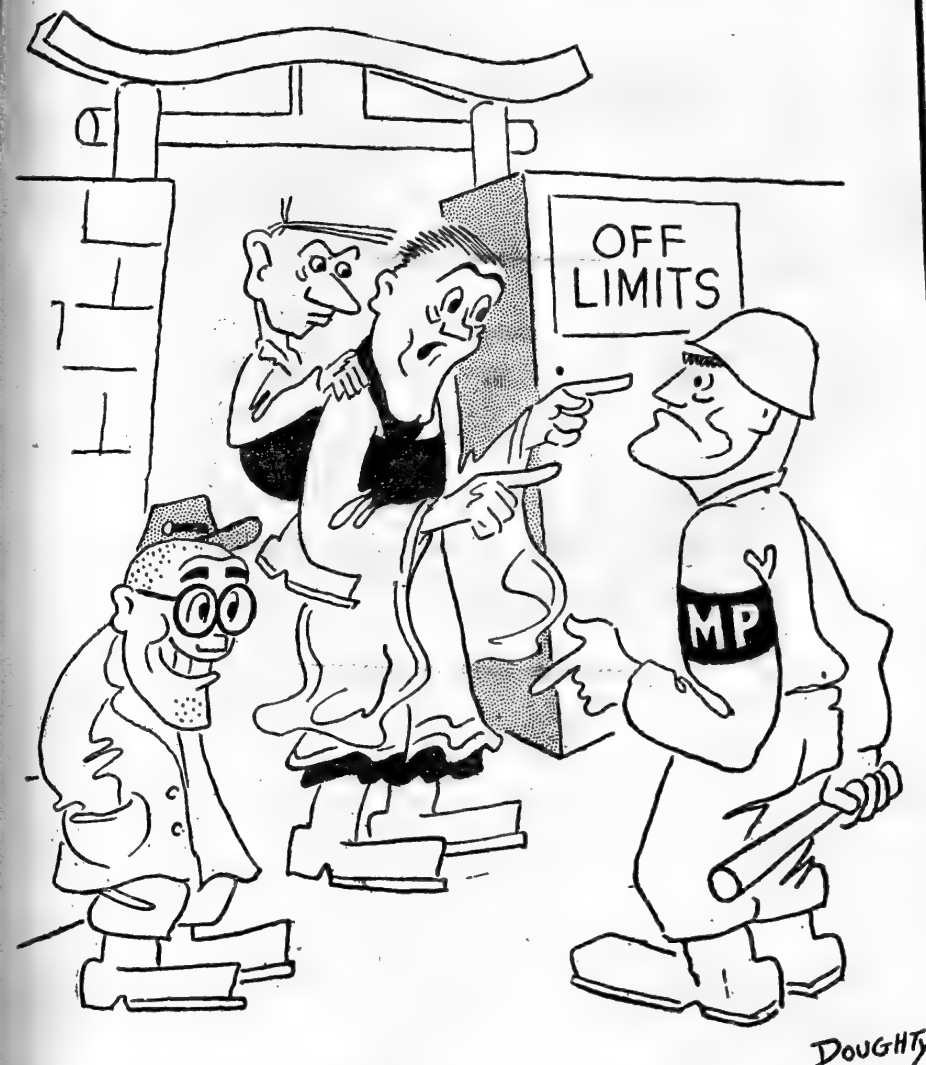
Fear crept in during a Japanese shave and it was only after a GI was safely out of the Japanese barber's chair after a shave that he really felt safe. Most Japanese barbers, however, were adept and seemed to take great pride in their work.



DOUGHTY

"I wonder if this guy has been democratized?"

Early in 1946 off-limit signs began to increase in number—and so did MP's. MP's got so tired hearing trumped up stories from men caught in off-limit places, that—well, who could blame them for becoming cynics. The morale—or is it moral?—of this cartoon, naturally, is don't be caught where you aren't supposed to be and if you are caught, try cover and concealment—at your own risk, of course.



DOUGHTY

"Hi, hi! Three soldiers go that way, hubba, hubba!"

A good excuse when caught off-limits was to say: "I didn't see the sign." But it didn't work too well, even in the case of the three Joes who arranged to enter a second story window where, theoretically, there was no sign.



"Naughty—naughty!"

Source of many a gripe from the veterans of Occupation were the rest camps and hotels where the lucky few had the opportunity to spend a comfortable week. Often it seemed that newly-arrived replacements stepped off the ship and into a rest camp. The new arrivals seemed to think there was nothing to do in Japan but go to rest camps.



DOUGHTY

"I'm new here. Where do I sign up for one of those rest camps?"

Every soldier has been hard pressed for words in a tight spot—words that flow fluently after the strategic moment is passed. But generally, it all ends for the best that such words are never uttered. Here little joe rants and raves oratorically as he wished he had been capable of doing when he got into the trouble that got them all three on KP.



DOUGHTY

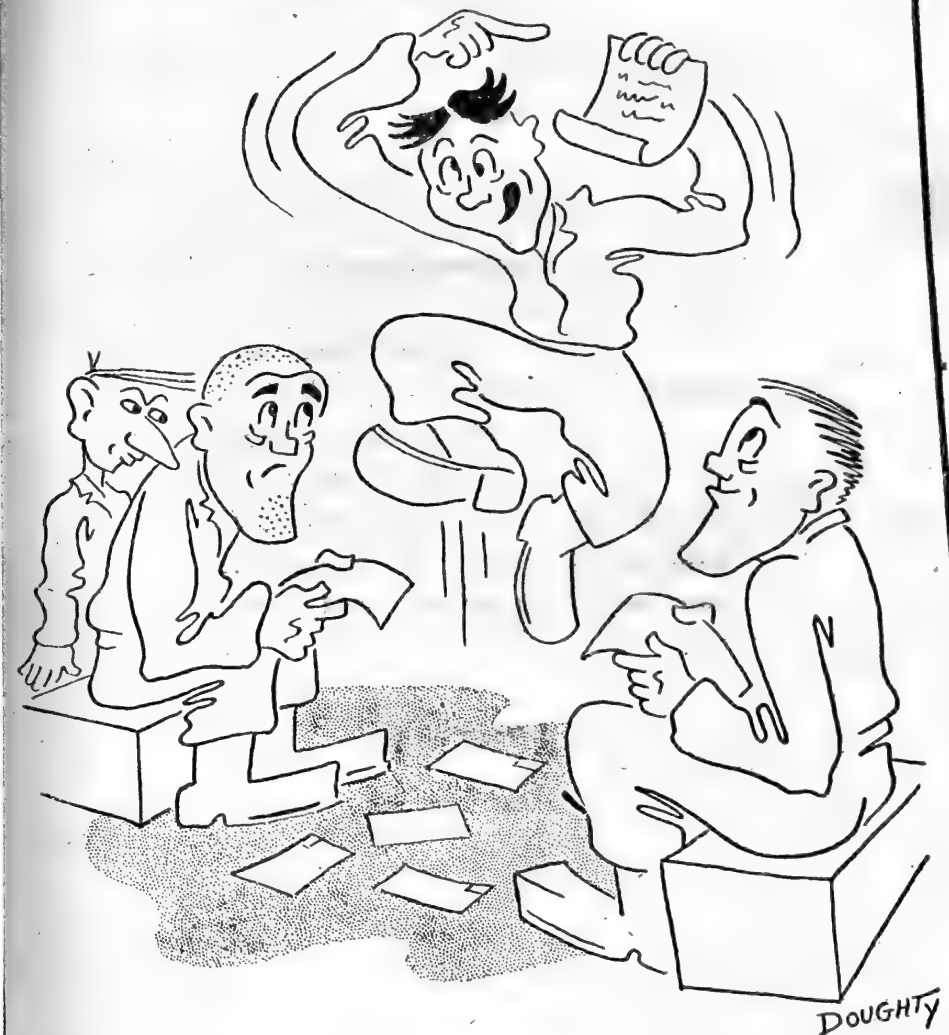
"Don't gimme none of that! I don't care if you are the top kick! I wouldn't even care if you were the C.O.—that's what we shoulda told him!"

Only authorized civilians were permitted to ride in Army vehicles under regulations laid down for Occupation troops in March, 1946. But female interpreters were authorized. What the three Joes were doing with three interpreters is something that never was figured out.



"Sure we're using this jeep for official business—they're interpreters!"

This cartoon wasn't very humorous when it appeared in Stars and Stripes, for it was an actual fact that it sometimes took two months for an answer to a letter to arrive. In March when air mail was restored there was great rejoicing in the land and many a two-months-old news item was an occasion for hilarity.



"Yippee!! According to this letter I've just become the father of a two-month-old son!"

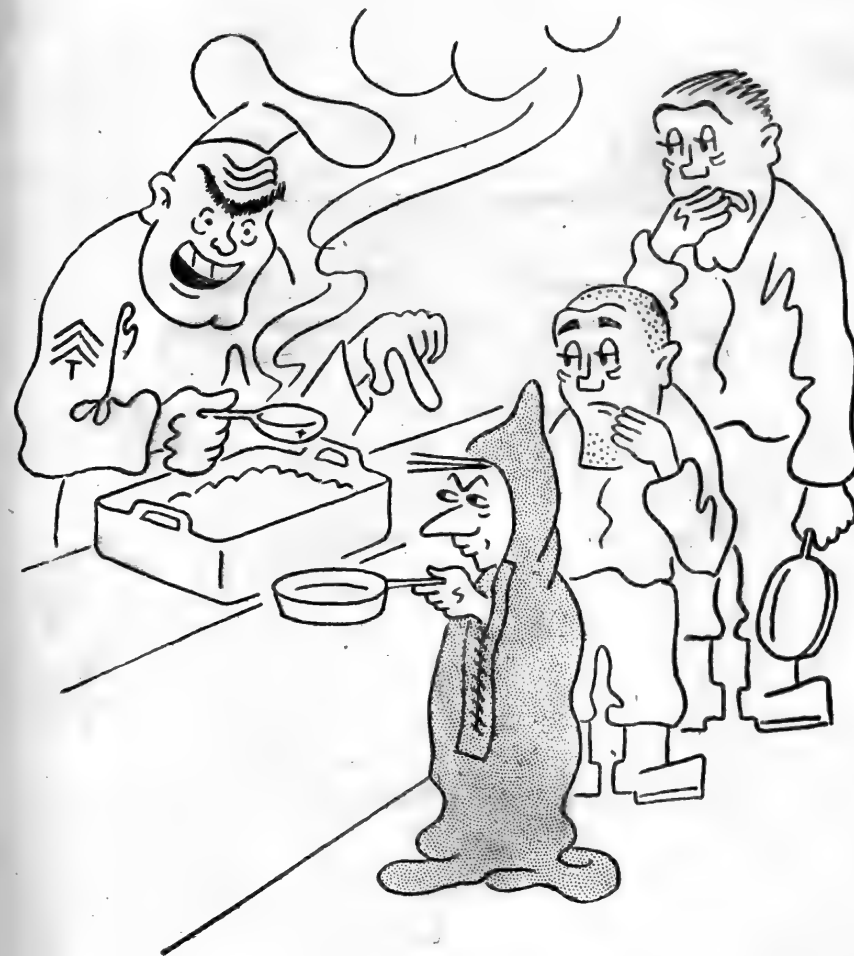
It's the same in or out of the Army—the fellow who cries, "I don't understand the game," is the fellow to watch, but closely. Many a dull evening in Japan was brightened with poker games in which the dumb poker player won most of the yen.



DOUGHTY

"Hey fellers! What kind of a hand is ten, Jack, Queen, King, Ace—and they're all hearts?"

Most outfits permitted personnel to stay in bed on Sunday mornings, but if you wanted breakfast you had to get up at the regular time—for there's yet to be discovered an Army unit that serves breakfast in bed. Here little joe tries to come the closest possible to it, by hobbling down to the mess hall in his sleeping bag—yep, that's the real name for it, although few GI's ever called it that.



DOUGHTY

"Why didn't you just stay in bed an' I woulda brought yer breakfast to ya?"

The Army continually conducted safety campaigns for Japanese pedestrians, but they never did seem to learn the first principle of crossing busy streets. They were about the dumbest pedestrians most GI's ever laid eyes on, and Tokyo Joe joined the campaign to protect them. The mattress contraption worked okay until they ran into their old enemy.



"That mattress works fine Joe—But I think we shoulda used the horn this time!"

Many Christmas packages, intended for troops in 1945, got tied up in the mail jam and didn't get in Japan until March, 1946. Such cartoons helped GI's find a little humor in an otherwise deplorable situation.



Doughty

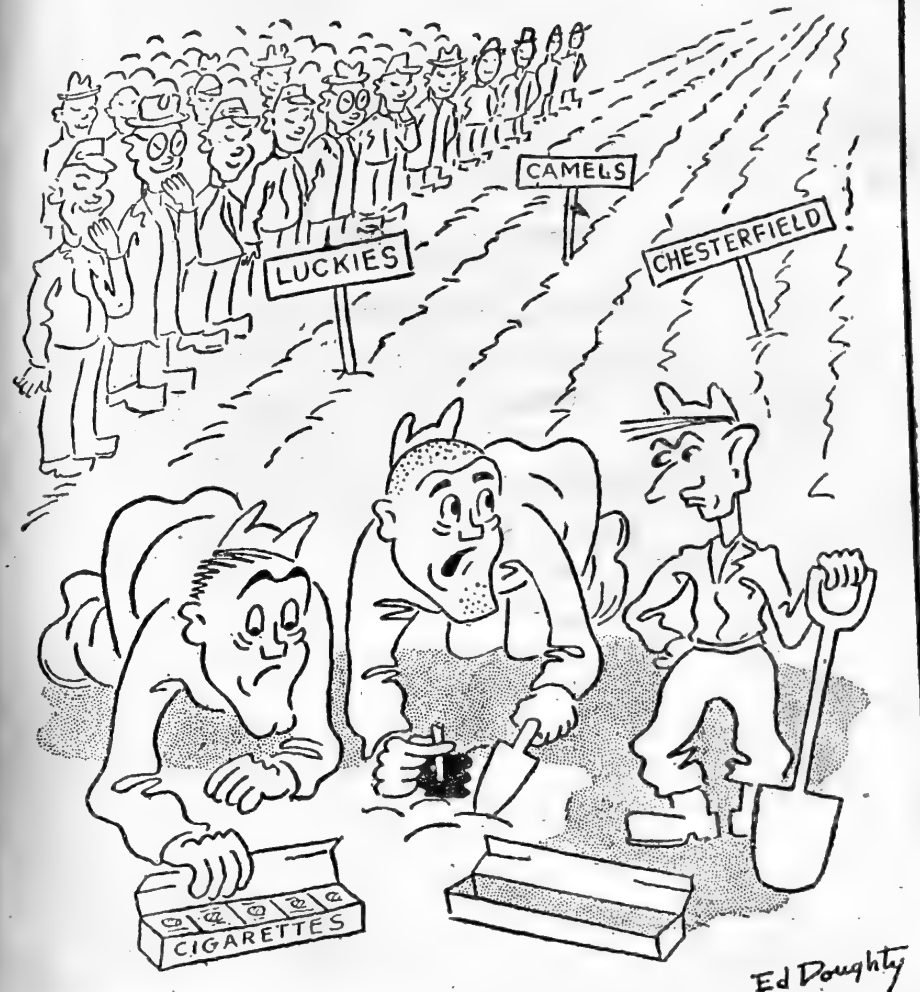
"I'm sure glad that Christmas box finally arrived—now we got somethin' to occupy our minds!"

"Koibito" means sweetheart in Japanese. Many an office was disturbed by telephone calls from Japanese girls asking for Joe-san or John-san in their "skoshi" (small amount) of English.



"Is there anybody here named Joe, who's expecting a call from somebody who calls herself Koibito?"

Sometimes cigarettes were hard to get and harder to keep. What soldier wasn't asked for a carton of cigarettes by some pleading Japanese? There's nothing the Japanese seem to like better than American cigarettes. Here the Joes are going to get-rich-quick by growing cigarettes for sale to the Japanese.



Ed Doughty

"Quit griping! Of course they'll grow!"

After so long in Japan everything becomes commonplace and most soldiers assume the attitude that Japan is confusing to say the least. Here the three Joes tired of humdrum life are trying to add a little spice to their seemingly monotonous life by assuming "character parts."



Ed Doughty

"Let's look at it this way—I'm Clark Gable, you're Charles Boyer, he's Ronald Coleman and we're in the mysterious Orient searching for adventure!"

Japanese heating methods are a far cry from the open fireplace and other modern heating methods known to most GI's. The stove they use—called a brazier doesn't throw off much heat and on cold days the thing is covered with a quilt so that the whole family can sit around under the quilt to keep warm.



Ed Doughty

"I always did enjoy sittin' around a roaring fireplace, watching the leapin' flames while the cracklin' embers fill the air with pine smell!"

It wasn't often that soldiers got a chance to get even with the Japanese but a simple game of tic-tac-toe (or whatever you call it) gave Joe the opportunity. The game isn't played in Japan and it was just as confusing to them as the Japanese writing was to the GI's.



Doughty

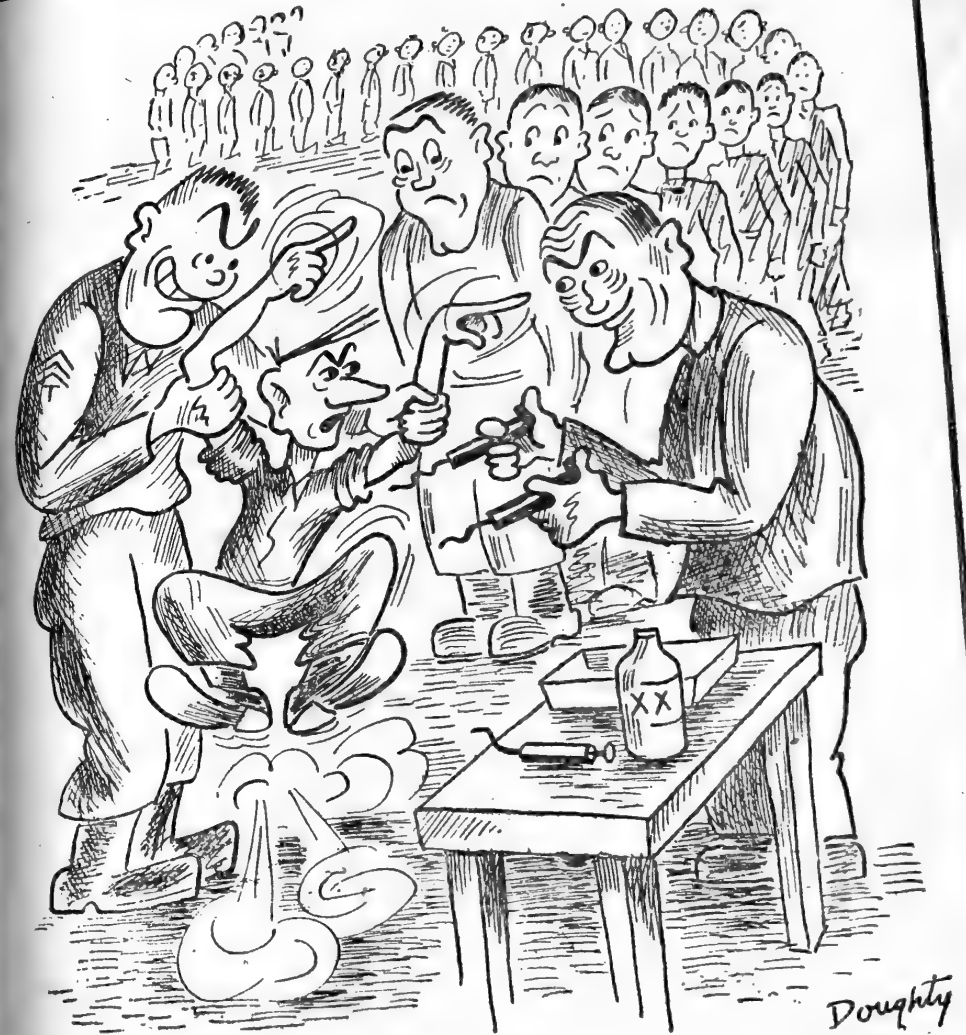
"It sez—life in Japan is very confusing!"

When Australians arrived with their cocked hats with turned up brim, they did slightly resemble cowboys. A few Australians took exception to this cartoon, but most of them got a big kick out of it.



"Maybe they're a couple of cowboys from Texas!"

This cartoon isn't as silly as it looks. It's a strange phenomenon but a soldier stands in so many lines and becomes so used to falling into the rear of any line he sees, that he often doesn't know what's on the other end.



"Ya can't do that to me—I thought this was the PX line!"

Oh if this could only happen some-
time! What soldier hasn't been sent
to the depths of hell by some rough
First Sergeant or what second looie
hasn't been sent to the same place
only in nicer words by the Colonel.



"Hey Sarge! Remember where you told me to go
this morning?"

Doughty

Nothing in Japan is more wonderful and beautiful than the cherry blossoms, or "sakura," as they are called. Nor is there anything more obnoxious than the prevalent "honey wagons"—the carts that carry the wooden buckets filled with wastage from the human body. And it often happened that while one was enjoying the beauty of the blossoms—here came the honey bucket man.



"I guess the beauty and fragrance of the cherry blossoms was too much for his poor tired soul!"

A Japanese bath is the next thing to a ritual. It is bad etiquette to jump into the bath without first washing thoroughly and then, when all soap is removed, one just eases into the tub to soak for as long as desired. It emphatically isn't a swimming pool as little Joe is trying to make it.



"Hey Joe, are you sure this is a swimming pool?"

Ping pong was popular with many soldiers in Japan and scarcely a day room there was that didn't have a few ping pong tables. Joe developed quite a forehand drive after a few months. In fact it was so furious that little joe, the referee, outlawed it. But he sneaked one across now and then.



"FOUL!"

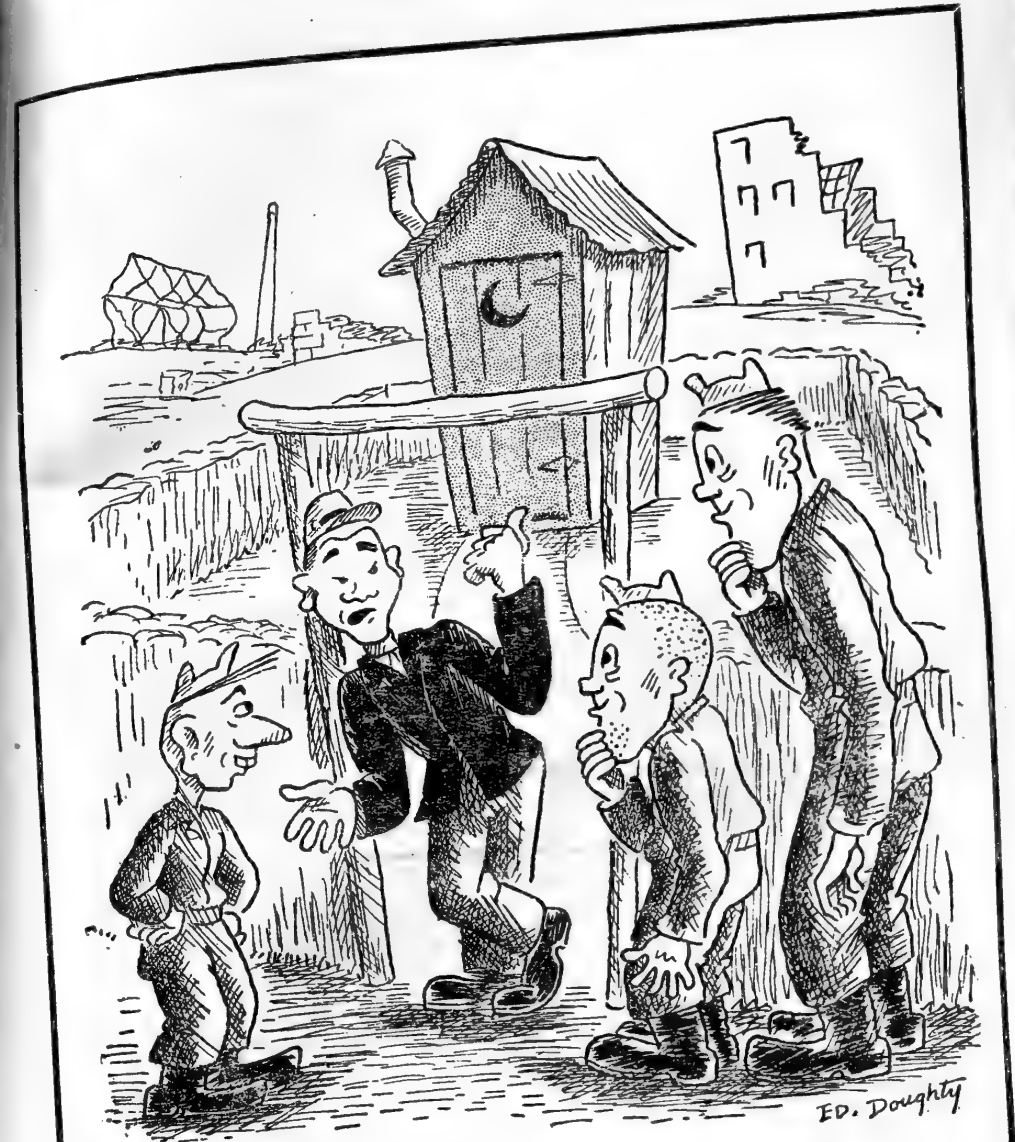
Ed Dougherty

Dwarf trees, popular in Japan, fascinated even the three Joes. The correct name for the little trees is "bonsai." They are cultivated by taking the smallest roots of the smaller trees and re-planting them. The process is repeated for several years until finally a good dwarf bonsai is produced. Sometimes weights are fastened to the trees to give them "out of shape" appearance.



"Well if that ain't a mama tree where did the little trees come from?"

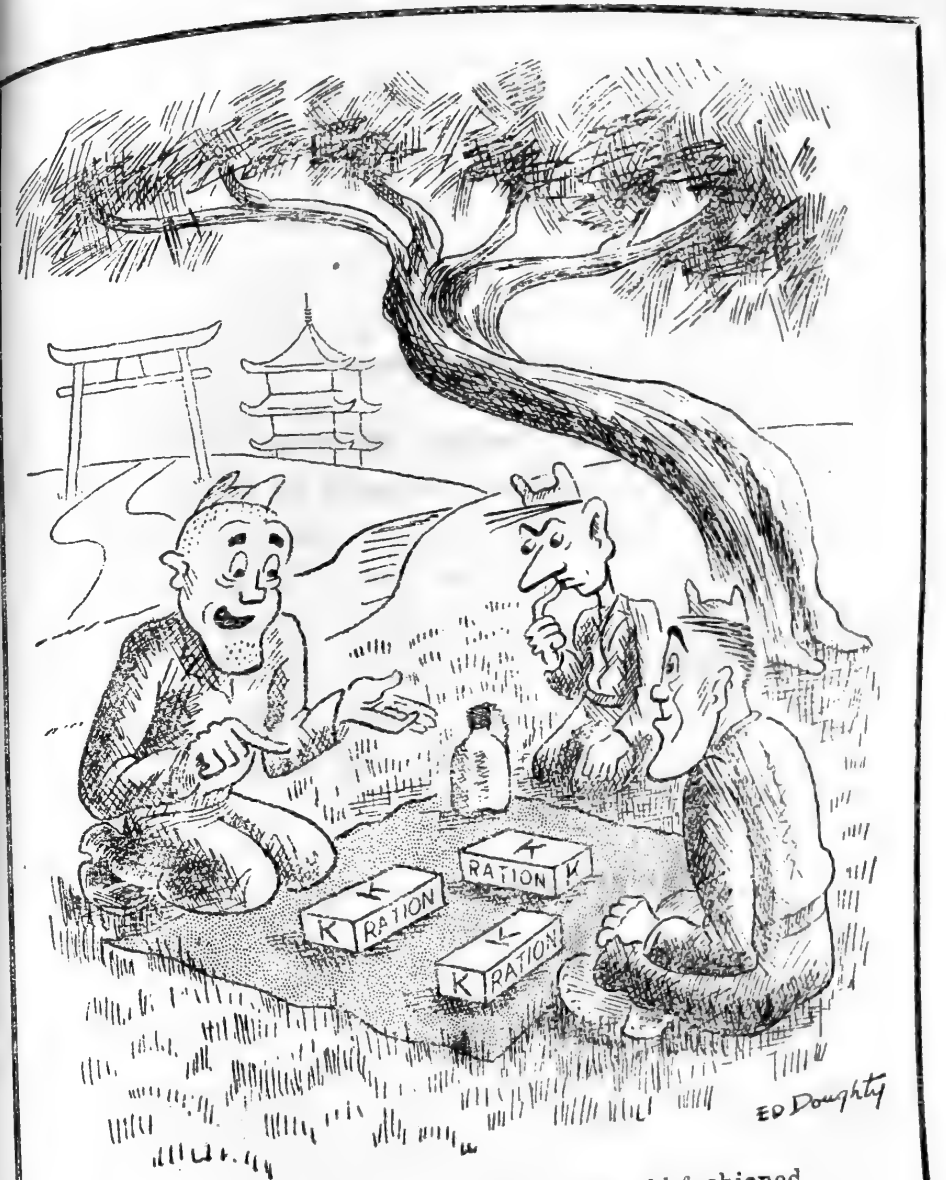
Housing was a major problem in Japan but new homes—such as they were—sprung up among the rubble of the country. Many were built of nothing more than scrap iron and packing crates.



"New home very small, but house shortage tough these days!"

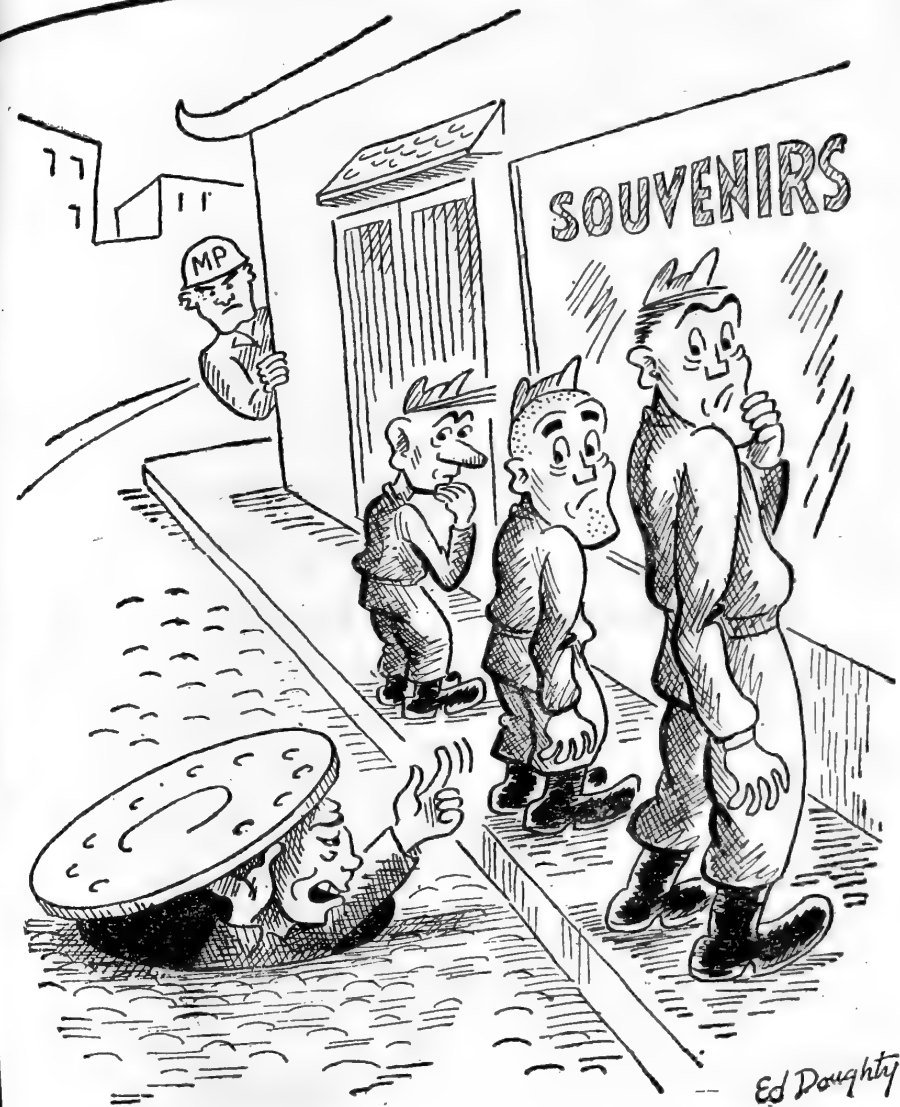
ED. Doughty

Parks, lakes, temples and other scenic spots were picturesque places for picnics, but the soldier who is forbidden for health reasons to eat Japanese food, has to depend upon rations. It took a lot of imagination to eat K or C rations and make-believe they were the real McCoy in picnic lunches.



"Let's just imagine this is a good old-fashioned picnic lunch!"

The Army worked diligently to stamp out the last remnants of the black market in Japan but the operators still persisted and tried to find unique ways in which to beg sight-seeing soldiers out of cigarettes and chocolate. Some drastic measures, like putting subways off-limits were used.



Ed Doughty

"Psst! Buy, sell or trade in the bargain basement!"

Yep, the old chain of command
always pops up in the Army. Every
soldier knows the tedious task of
trying to get through the underlings
to see someone pretty important.



"Whom shall I say wishes to see the major?"

The Army never stops inspections and as the Occupation progressed many units assumed the training camp air. Just when little joe got so expert with his M-1 that he could avoid an M-1 thumb at inspection time.



"Get back in that rank, soldier!"

Ed Doughty

Mess sergeants have their ups and downs and some even lose their sense of humor, especially when a remark can be taken personally.



Ed Doughty

"All I said was, we don't have a beef shortage here!"

Too much has been said and written about fraternization. Half of it "hain't so," although there are those among the Occupation forces who will readily tell you that Japanese girls aren't so bad. This cartoon appeared shortly after the army ruling banning display of affection between Japanese girls and soldiers in public.



"Who's fraternizing?"

When on guard a soldier—a good soldier, that is—is supposed to know his general orders forward, backward and by the numbers, but sometimes an over-zealous eager beaver will carry things too far.



Ed Doughty

"Halt, Colonel Jones! Who's there, Sir? Advance and be recognized."

Soldiers do strange things in their sleep, but little Joe outdoes them all. Of course, he was trained as an infantry soldier and learned to do some amazing things with his feet.



"Maybe we better not wake him just now!"

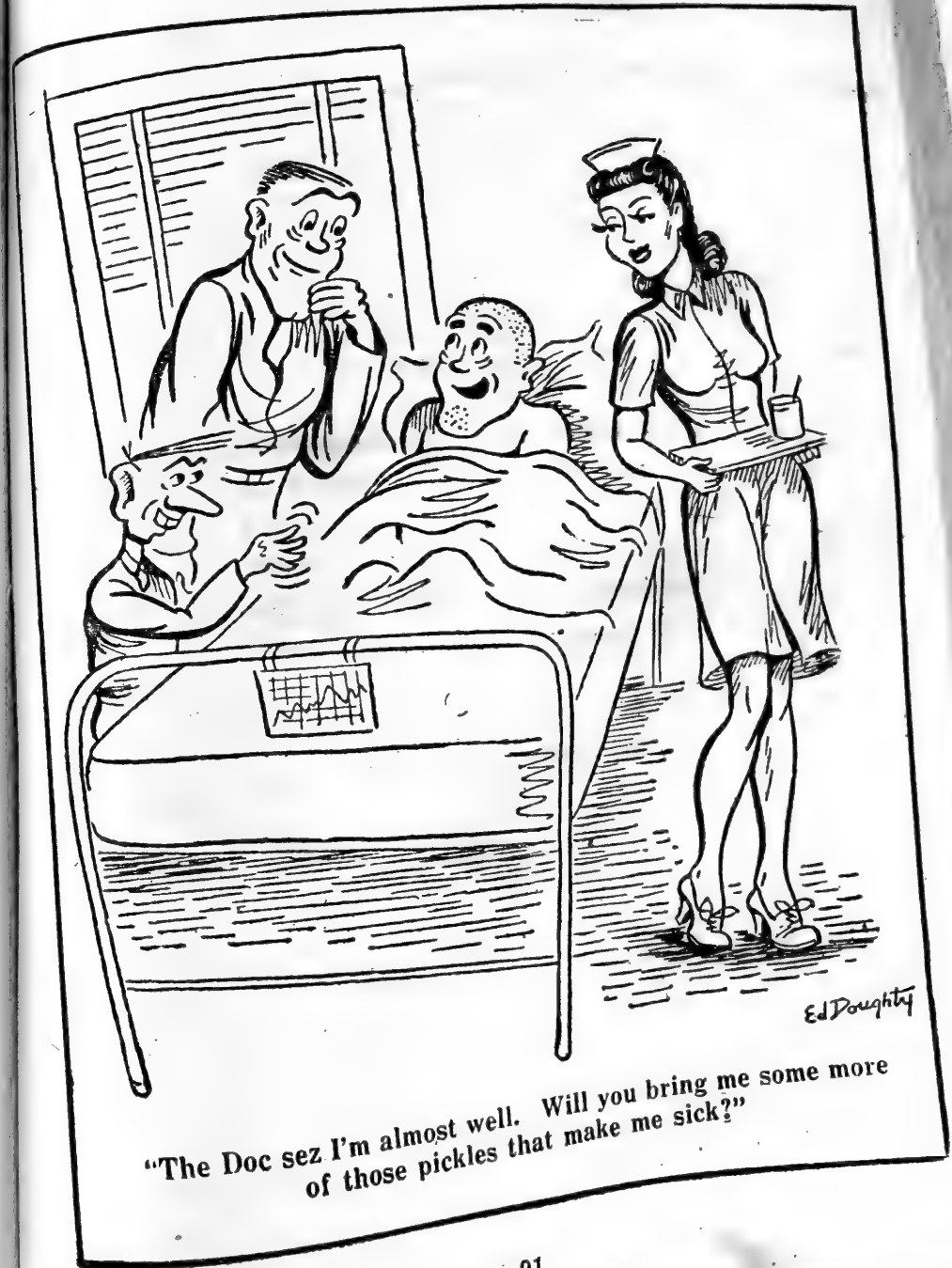
Medics, a cynical group shrewd
at psychology they think, don't have
much trouble spotting gold-bricks
who ride the sick book.



There's one in every outfit—a fouler upper. But the three Joes make for triple difficulty and have the sergeant pulling his hair out most of the time.



One of the few pleasant things
around an Army hospital are the
nurses.



Mosquitoes in Japan are whoppers and despite widespread dusting of DDT by the Army in Spring and Summer of 1946 many a GI spent sleepless nights fighting off the pests during the hot, sultry evenings.



Ed Doughty

"Don't shoot—let's try this mosquito repellent first!"

Japanese were smart operators when it came to sellin souvenirs. Here little Joe gets taken into camp—clothes and all—for some trinket which probably will end up in the attic. All of which goes to prove that Japanese aren't fooled a great deal by American soldiers and that American soldiers are the most gullible in the world.

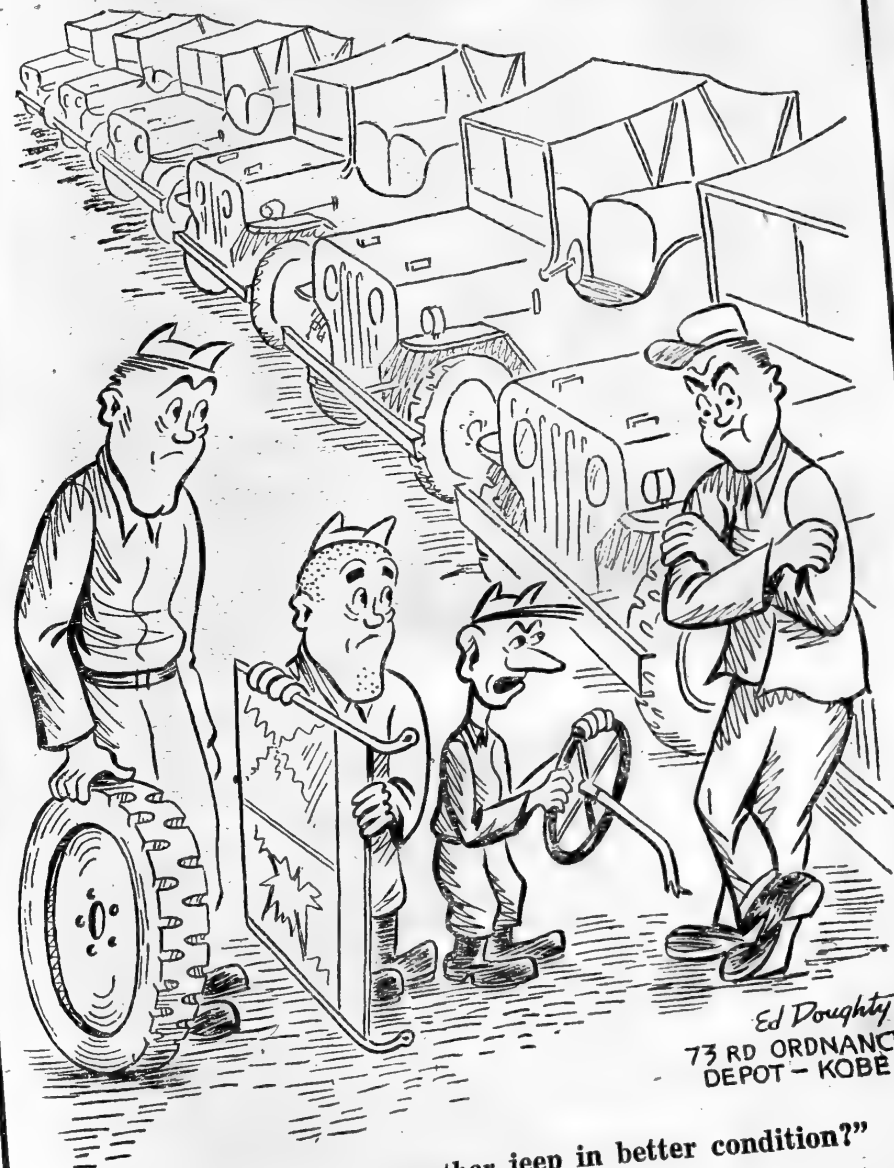


Proper dress was stressed more
and more as Occupation proceeded.
On a trip to Kyoto, the three Joes
ran into difficulty with unbuttoned
pockets.



Ed Doughty
WITH 800th M.P. BN - KYOTO
Awright, so they got buttons unbuttoned—
but I seen 'em first."

In Kobe was located the massive used car lot—the 73rd Ordnance Depot where thousand upon thousand upon thousand of Army vehicles were stored as surplus. The three Joes, visiting in Kobe, needed transportation and tried to work up a trade with a few junked parts.



Ed Doughty
73 RD ORDNANCE
DEPOT - KOBE

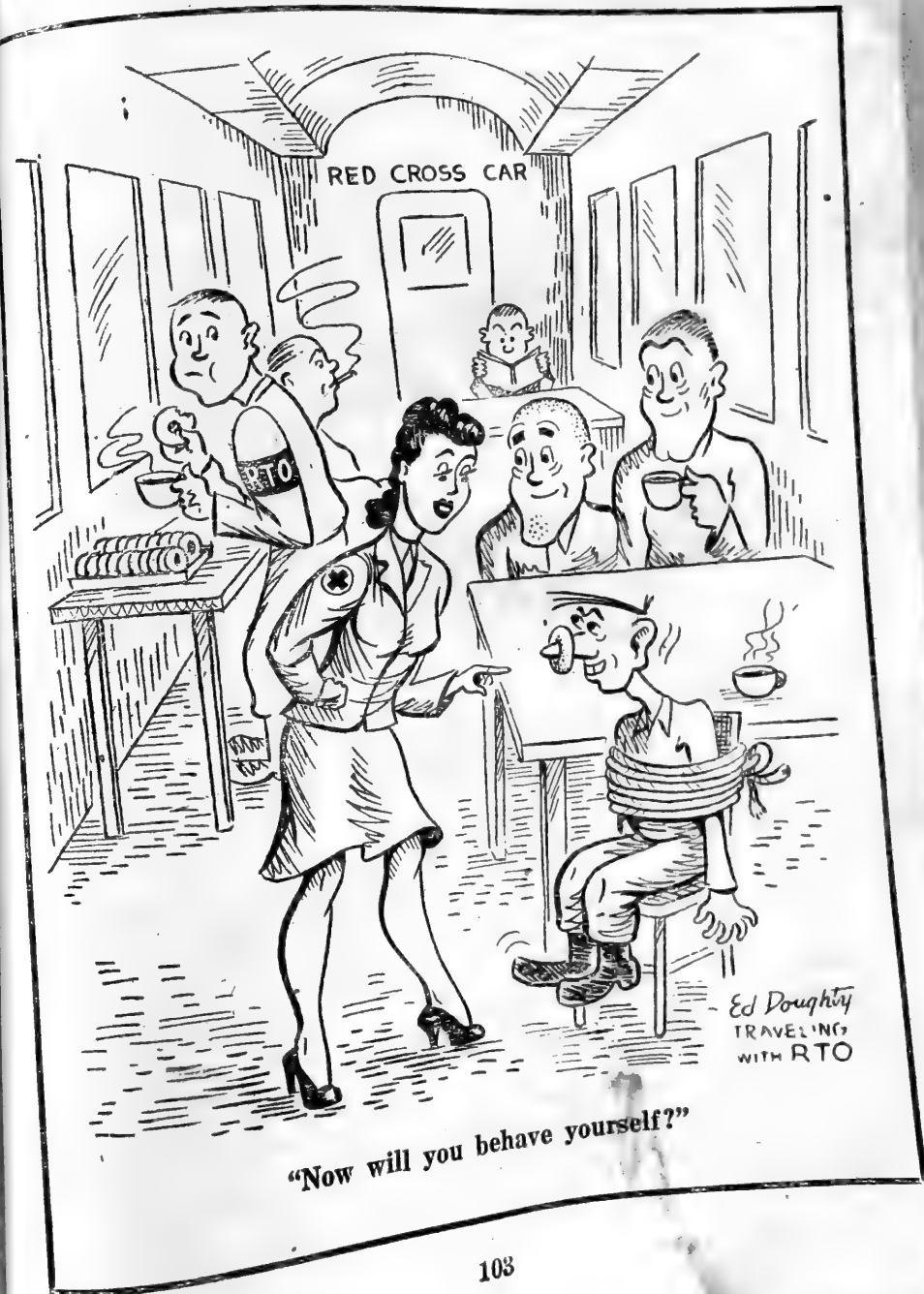
"Can we trade for another jeep in better condition?"

Nothing like a little horse play to pass the time away. The three Joes visited the 58th Signal Battalion at Kyoto, and had a little fun horsing around on the poles with the fellows.



"Hello, that you Joe? Well, guess who this is."

Soldiers had only praise for the Red Cross workers in Japan, for without them life at the beginning of Occupation would have been miserable indeed.



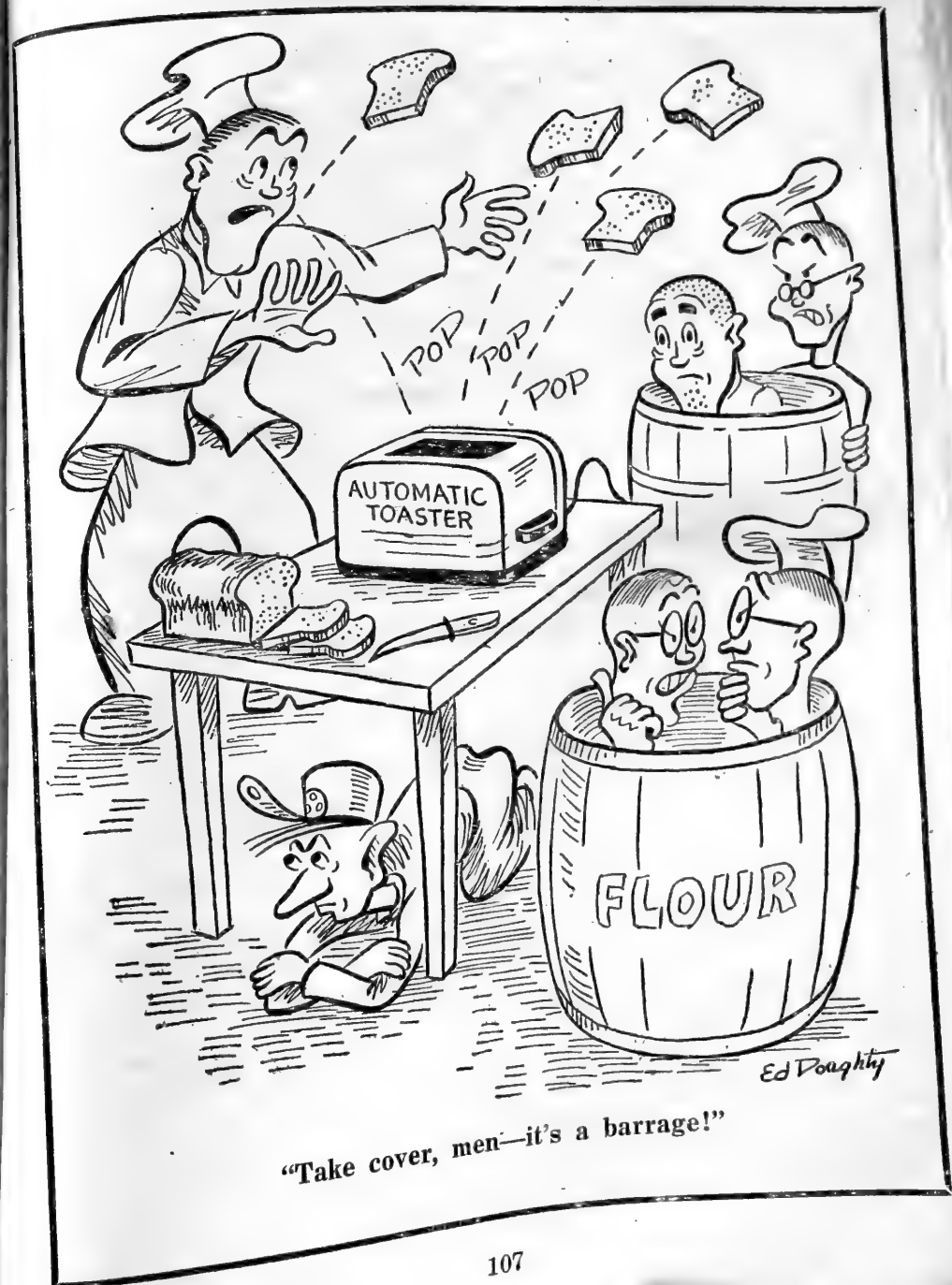
"Chotto matte" (just a minute),
the little girl is angry because the
Joes are cutting in on her business.
Japanese, adept at photography,
hawk photographs in even the most
remote corners of the country.



Ed Doughty
OHORI PARK
FUKUOKA

"Chotto matte! I'm selling some swell picture
postcards of myself."

Japanese were used in most mess halls and had considerable difficulty mastering the unique Army cooking equipment. They just couldn't seem to understand the nomenclature of this automatic toaster.



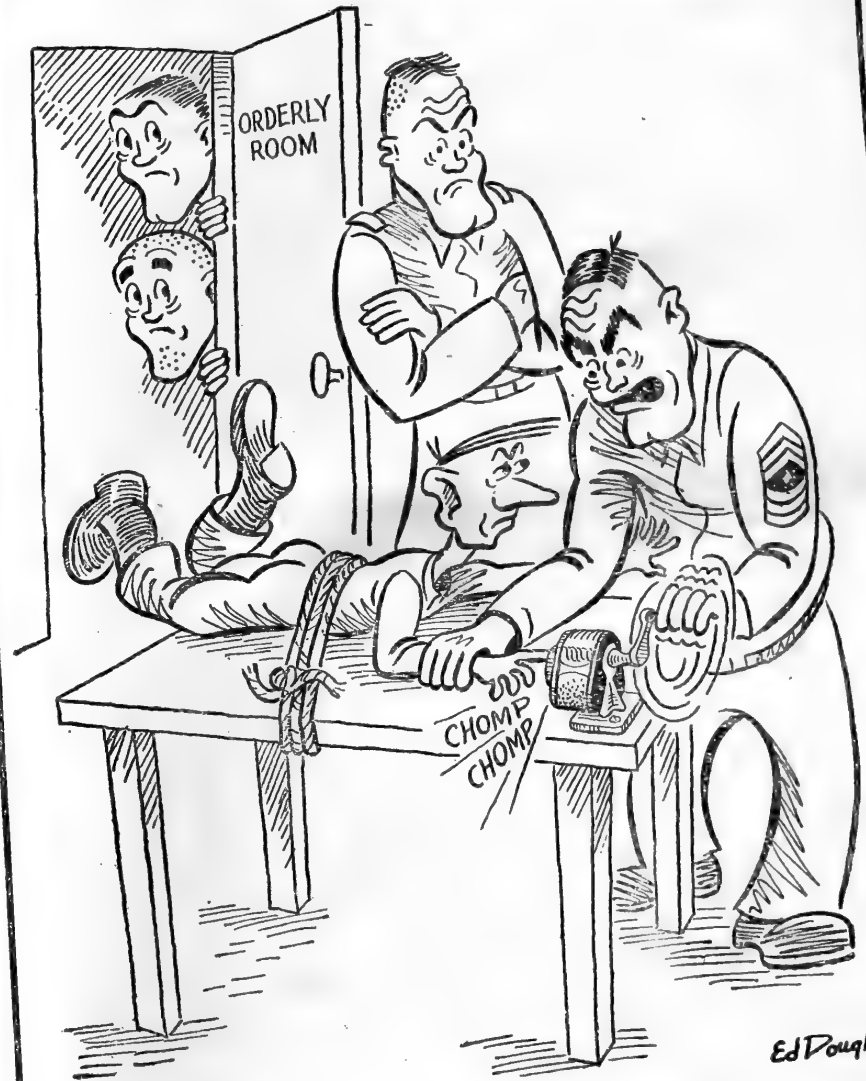
"Take cover, men—it's a barrage!"

Fresh eggs were non-existent early in the Occupation, and most soldiers were craving fresh eggs, tired of looking at the powdered variety. But few were as resourceful as little joe.



"Well, now we can have fresh eggs for breakfast!"

Inspections became stiffer and stiffer as time passed. Even fingernails came in for close scrutiny in some units.



Ed Doughty

"Now after this clean your fingernails before inspection!"

Gold-bricking with medics never
did pay.



Ed Doughty

"Hmmm, very interesting, let's try that reflex again!"

Since a soldier is still a human being (despite the beliefs of some), he was more interested in off-limit places than in approved recreational facilities. Despite all the fine work done by Special Service to provide recreation for the GI's he was still a lonesome cuss wanting to go home as soon as possible.



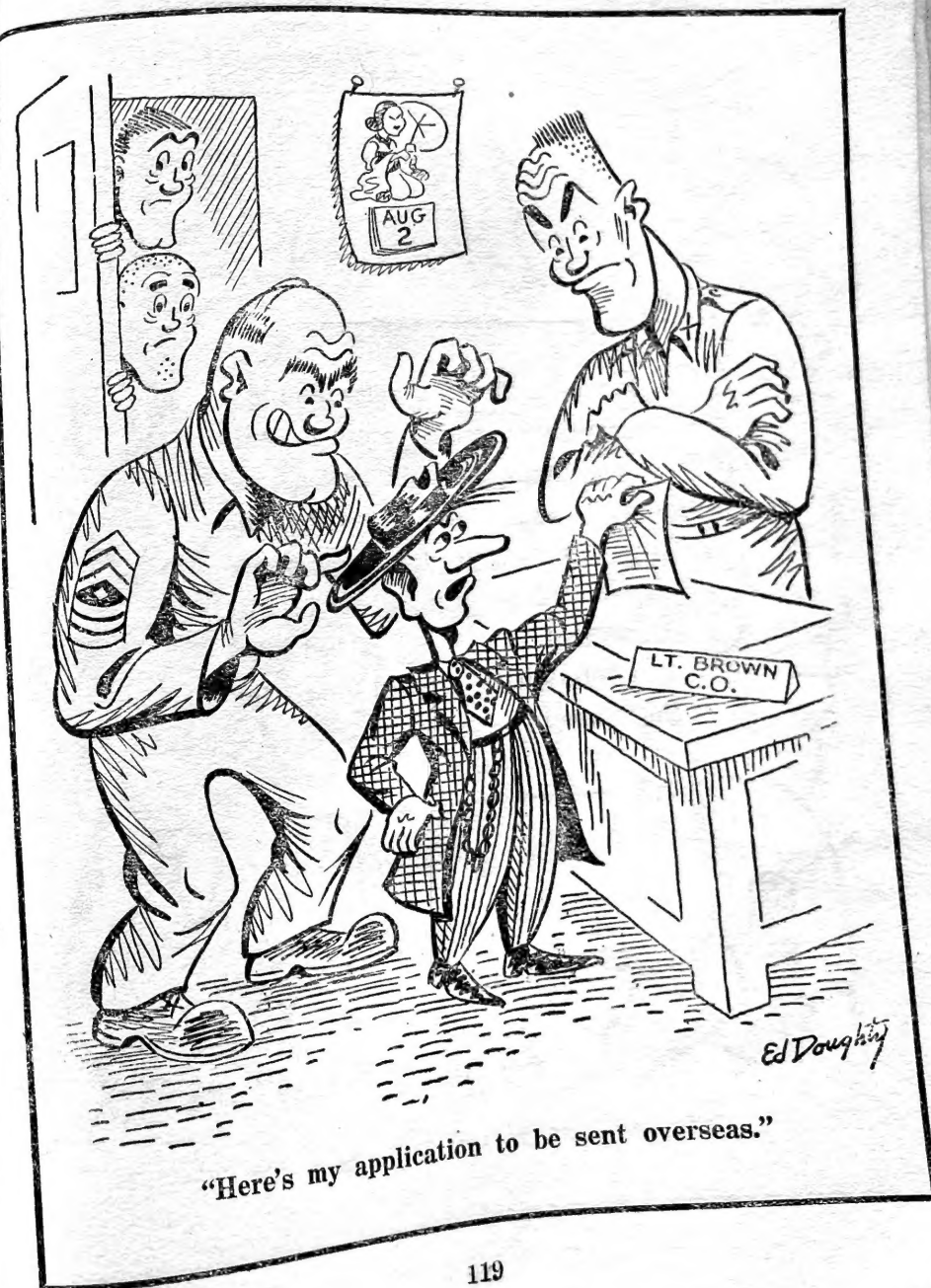
"Well, there's no harm in just looking around!"

Mobile check points where MP's checked Transportation proved irritating to GI's with improper trip tickets. The speed limits were strictly enforced.



Ed Doughty

When discharge time approached for little joe, he just couldn't wait to get into civilian clothes and to be sent "overseas" to the United States.



Before sailing for home and discharge every soldier must be sure he has taken all of the various and sundry shots dished out by the Army. Woe unto the man whose shot record has been lost for he will have shot after shot jabbed into him before being allowed to sail for the United States.



When the Joes got to the "Repple
Depple" to await shipment to the
United States and discharge, as
usual it was full to overflowing.



"You know where the Golden Gate Bridge is?"

**A SOUVENIR
COLLECTION OF
TOKYO JOE
CARTOONS**

THESE CARTOONS
ORIGINALLY APPEARED
IN THE PACIFIC
STARS AND STRIPES